AN EXCLAMATION

CIX.

From

TUNBRIDGE And EPSOM

Againſt

The Newfound Wells

At

ISLINGTON.

BEhold, the fickleneſs of *Fortunes* Wheel! The Inſtability of things under the *changeable* Moon! So ſhall you find it foretold in *Mother Shiptons*, *Manuſcript*-Prophecies, (never yet Printed) p. 409.

„ *Tunbridge* was, *Epſom* is, *Iſlington* ſhall be
„ *The greateſt* Bog-houſe *of the* ſquittering *three.*

Beſhrew all *Witches* and their *Southſayings*. That Prognoſtication at this juncture ſeems haſtening to its accompliſhment; and then, *wo and alas!* What ſhall become of us poor *Tunbridge* and *Epſom?*

How comfortably in times by-paſt, have we liv'd all the Summer, like *Fiſhes*, meerly by *Water and Tippling*; And in the Winter, like Greenland *Bears*, ſucking our own *Claws*? *Loretto* was ſcarce haunted with ſuch ſwarms of Pilgrims as our *Health-reſtoring Plains*, nor *Rome* more crowded in a *Jubilee*, than we were, from *merry May* till after the *Dog-ſtarr* had done *Barking*, and the more important Negotiations of *Bartoldom-fair*, called home our Cuſtomers. Happy were they that could get ſhelter in our *Illuſtrious Pallaces*, covered with immortal *Thatch*, and delicately hung with the Spinſtry of *Arachne*, Vulgarly called *Cloath of Cob-web*. Three Families not ſeldom dwelt in one Chamber ſcarce ſo big as a Taffity Tart; and without any ſuperſtitious witneſs about difference of *Sex*, lovingly *pigg'd* in together. Strangers from remote Regions, came in *Guilt Coaches*, to DUNG our barren *Heaths* for us, at their own charge; and having given us 3. or 4. pounds for a Supper over-night, returned us the ſubſtance of it, with an overplus, next morning *Gratis*; many *a fair Houſe* have we built with that which is called *the beginning of Love*; and made more profit of *Excrements* than ever the Emperour *Veſpatian* did of his Exciſe upon *Piſs*.

We ſhall never forget thoſe jolly dayes, how we have been frequented by the *Noble* and the *Gay*, the *fine* and the *fair*; the roaring *Fopps*, and the ſtill, ſly, formall *Cockcombs*; the *Swaggerers* in *Buff*, and the *Venerable* in *Satin*; the Flaming *Laſſes* and the *ſimpering* Dames, thoſe that help others; and thoſe that help *themſelves*, the *witts* and the *jilts*, the fond Husbands and the more fooliſh *maintainers*, the miſerly *Fathers*, and the generous *Sons*, and the free-ſporting *Daughters*, and the procuring *Cozens*, the Hectoring *Bullies*, and the *ſnuffling Preciſians*; the long *Hair*, and the overgrown *Ears*; *Whigg* and *Tory*, *Trimmer* and all, were every Mothers Son, our conſtant Cuſtomers.

The Ladies would *fine-and-Recovery* away their *Joinctures*, and part even with their *pretious Stones*, rather, than not have a *Green Gown* or two on our Banks; and a Citizen could as ſoon perſwade his *Spouſe* to forſwear *Conventicles*, as prevail with her not to viſit us once a year.

Here, the Buckram-bagg'd Lawyer *Hoarſe* with a circuite bawling, came to reſtore his voyce; but careſſing a ſmall *Shee-friend* more impaired it, and ſo fell into the hands of a *Doctor*, who *went to Law* with his *Diſeaſe*, and acted (*Secundum Artem*) all the Tricks, of *Plea*, *Exception*, *Demurrer*, *Interlocutory Order*, and peremptory *Conſideratum eſt*, till *Ignoramus* diſpairing as much as ever his Client *in forma Pamperis*, and looking altogether as *ſimply*; happened to be taught by one of Sir *Andrew Tudds* School-boys, that *Telephus* was hea'ld by the ruſt of the *ſame* Spear that wounded him; and that *Pliny* ſomewhere ſayes, *Vipers* Fleſh is the beſt Remedy for the hurt of their *Stings*; whereupon repairing to the *Crack*, that beſtow'd the *Clap*, ſhe in 9 days, made him as ſound as a Roach, with a Decoction of *Guiacum* and a few *Turpentine Pills*.

Here the over-fraighted *Strumpet* (undone by

doing; or ruin'd, like some improvident *Shop-keepers*, by grasping at too great a Trade) puts in to *New-wash*, *Carreen*, and *Tallow*; and so returns a fresh and *Blooming Virgin*: Here disappointed *Wives*, met with seasonable Refreshments; the *Barren* by vertue of our *Metalsome* Waters, and the application of an *able Doctor* behind a Bush, found Nature relieved, grew Fruitfull and blest their *rejoycing Husbands* with many an hopefull *Heir*.

But now all *these Felicities* are like to expire, Interlopers are abroad, and we must cry out as the Quack-Doctors doe ----- *Beware of Counterfeits, for they swarm*; could not folks be content to invent new *Fashions*, and new *Oaths*, new *Religions* and new Models of Government, but the Divel must put them upon finding out *new Wells*, and new *Physical Waters*, when there were old ones enough of all Conscience, to have scowr'd their *Gutts*, and purged their *Purses*, and make work for the *Doctors*.

Tell us, O you Sage *Astrologers* (who tother day prognosticated the *Turks Victories*, and the Ruine of the most *Christian King*; you who hold a Bakers dozen of *Celestial Houses* in *Fee-simple*, yet are scarce able to pay your Rent for one poor *Lonzy Cottage* on Earth) tell us, I pray, what unlucky *Starrs* govern this *capricious Age*, and put people on such *plotting humours*? For we are, many ways, bound to Curse their pragmatical Influences; first *Oatses* Plot for two or three years frighted away our *Roman* Communicants, Not a *Shaveling Priest* tho never so disguised, durst appear in our *Walks*; but was as afraid of our *Springs*, as the *Devil* is of their *Holy-water*: And then the *Whiggs* must goe *Plott* (with an Horse-pox to 'em) and so wee lose *that party* too: And now here comes a *Third Plott*, worse (to us) than either of the other two, a Plott, a devilish, a damnable, a *horrid Plott*, to perswade People (not that *BOBBING* is SALAMANCA, or FORTY ONE EIGHTY THREE, but) that *Sadlers* Musique-house is *Southborrow*, and *Clarkenwell-Green*, *Caverly-Plain*; That *Abana* and *Pharpar* (Rivers of Damascus) are equal to old *Jordan*, That *Islington*, forsooth, is commenc'd *Epsom*, *per Saltum*, as *Fools* become Physitians and *golden Dunces*, *woodden Doctors* at *Leiden*; That the juice of a few *Cowturds*, mixt with a sham of *Steel-dust*, and steept in a new-vamp'd *Well*, that in all likelyhood was an old *House of Office*; can bee effectual as our *wonder-working Fountains* that tast of *cold Iron*, and breath pure *Nitre* and *Sulphur*.

Audacious and unconscionable *Islington*! was it not enough that thou hast time out of mind been the *Metropolitan Mart* of Cakes, Custards, and stew'd Pruans? The chief place of entertainment for *Suburb Bawds*, and Loitering *Prentices*? Famous for *Bottle'd Ale* that begins the *Huzza*! before one drinks the *Health*, and *Statutable Cans*, 9 at least to a Quart? That thou flowest with delicious *Milk* extracted from rotten *Turneps* and Hogwash *Grains*? Renowned for *Middletons pipes*, and putting forth both *Calves* and *Bastaras* to Nurse? Could not all these Advantages satisfie thee without invading our priviledges, and trumping up your *Spouts* and old dormant *Holes*, to Intercept our *Customers*, and utterly spoil our Antient Staple Manufactory of *Spewing* and *Shit--g*? But suppose their *Waters* could be conceited somewhat comparable where is the *Air*? Where the *Diversions*? Where the *Conveniencies*? If an honest Man walk out at *five*, he shall bee xpected back at eight to *What-dee-lack-is* in his Shop, where he sits for all the world like a *Lord in a Hirch*; Besides, *Duns*, and *Serjeants*, and *Marshals-Men* lye perdue all along the Coast, and make his Walk as perillous as a Voiage to *Scanderoon*. If a vertuous woman repair thither, since going to St. *Antlins*, and Morning Lectures is out of fashion, some *Eves dropping* Neighbour thrusts in for a Companion, but proves indeed *a spy*, and she must hurry home by Dinner, or else the good Man runs *Horn-mad*, and where's a body's Injoyment then?

Is trotting to *Islington* on foot with a dull Husband, or a froward Wife, a *durty-fisted* Prentice, or a *blabbing* Maid, for two or three hours, comparable to the delights of being *Jog'd* and *Jolted* in a Coach, and with brave Company *trundled* down *Madamscourt-Hill*, or over *Banstead-downs*? And staying out a Month or two, without being troubled with the *peivish Yoak-fellow*, save only on Saturday and Sunday Nights (on which you are sure to be very Sick) and all the rest of the Week as blyth as Batchellors, and free and uncontrouled as the most absolute Monarches of the *East*, having nothing to doe, but Cajole the beleiving Fopp at home with a few kind Lines, for a supply of Cash, dictated by the obliging *Miss* or *Gallant*, to make the Sport more divertive.

Consider well all these Advantages of a remoter distance, consult your Interest, and abandon this upstart *Heresy* of Flocking to *Islington*, tell your Friends what strange rumblings those *Waters* make in your Bellies and your Brains; believe it the *Papists* or the *Whiggs* (as Chronicles tells us, the *Jews* did of old) have poisoned those *Wells*; and that all their operation proceeds either from *Jesuites powder*, or *phanatical Quicksilver*.

Return therefore to your good old Customes: Let us enjoy your Company, and take you the usual divertisements of undisturbed Society, so shall wee suspend our Complaints, and you bee better gratified by continuing a Converse with

Your Old Friends and Trest-
Humble Servants,

TUNBRIDGE *and* EPSOM.

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